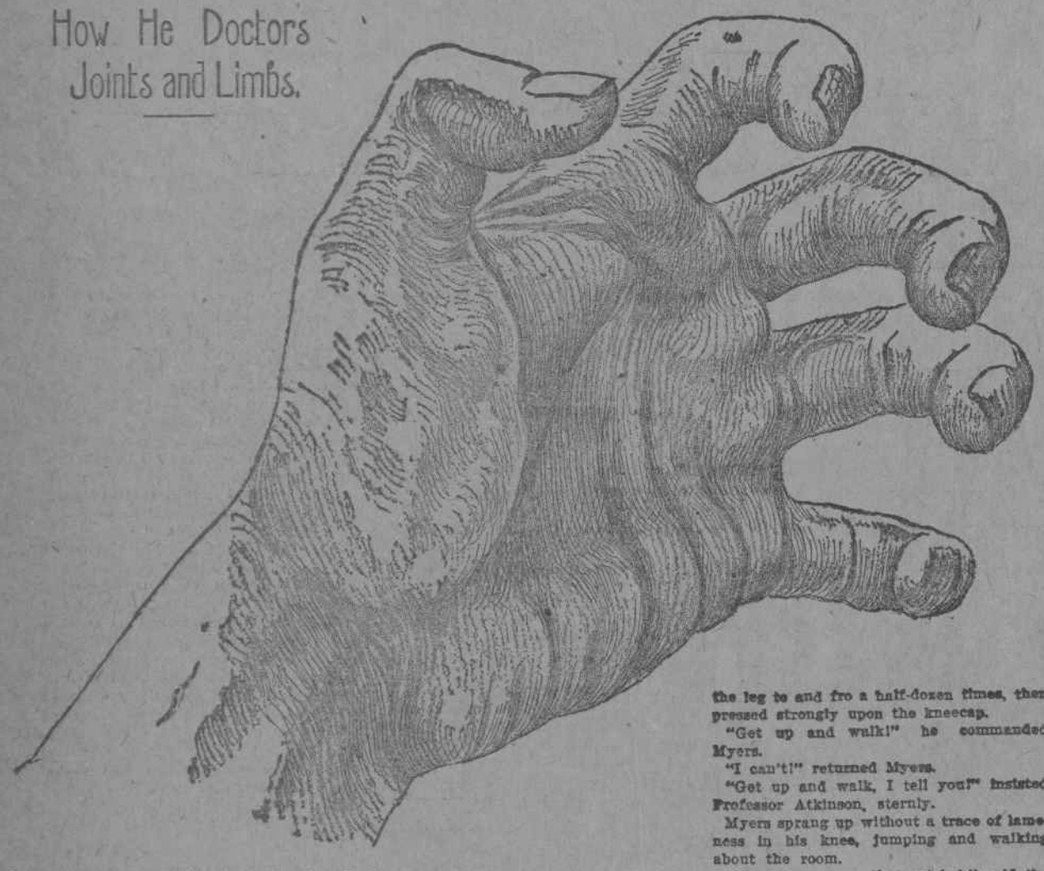
Prof. Atkinson, the Famous Bone Setter, and How He Doctors Joints and Limbs.

MOST POWERFUL HANDS IN THE WORLD.

Now in America to Operate on Our Big Millionaires and Society Folk.



His Left Hand, Which Aids the Right in the Work of Easing Pains in the Limbs and Body.

IT is highly probable that before the beginning of the Winter a large number of American dollars will make their way to England through the pockets of Professor John Atkinson, "the great bone setter," who has just come to America to manipulate the dislocated and broken joints and bones of our millionaires and other Americans.

In England, the fame of Professor Atkinson is widespread, principally, perhaps, because he has repaired the joints and bones of persons of high degree. He is not a "doctor." Indeed, he dislikes to be called by that title. He is, he says, plain Mister, or, if you like, "Professor" Atkinson.

His method of treatment is peculiar and original. He uses neither drugs nor surgical instruments. He calls himself a "mechanic in joints," and his only tools are his big, strong hands. These hands and their wrists are abnormally large and well developed. The hands are short and thick, the fingers stumpy at the ends and the muscles on the under side of the hand stick out in great bumps.

His hands, he says, are his "tools" with which he has performed what some people call miracles, but he himself declares that he has done nothing with his manipulations except to assist nature in restoring the natural action of the joints and limbs.

A man of great force of character is this new arrival, and when he commands a patient to take a certain line of action the patient usually obeys. When Professor Atkinson first arrived in this country last week he went to Albany to visit a friend, and although he did not intend to do any work during his visit there, a case was brought to his attention which he cured almost at once. The patient was Louis Myers, who fourteen years ago sustained an injury to his knee, and since that time has been limping about Albany. He heard of the great "bone-setter's" arrival in Albany, and went and begged him to help him. Myers was stripped and the Professor caught hold of the crippled leg. With his strong, supple fingers he pulled the leg to and fro a half-dozen times, then pressed strongly upon the kneecap.

"Get up and walk!" he commanded Myers.

"I can't!" returned Myers.

"Get up and walk, I tell you!" insisted Professor Atkinson, sternly.

Myers sprang up without a trace of lameness in his knee, jumping and walking about the room.

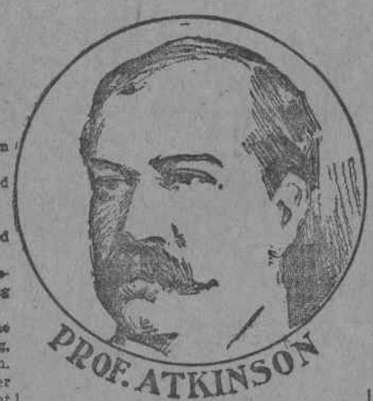
"Now, jump over that satchel," said the professor, pointing to a huge leather bag, which stood in the centre of the room. Myers leaped over it, and then, at another command, dressed, ran across the street and flew up a flight of stairs two at a time.

Now, the bone-setter has come on to New York to remain for some time, and is prepared to make our lame millionaires hop, skip and jump about the town. Just who these rich men are who have invited the English bone-setter to come over and cure them has not yet been divulged, but we shall, no doubt, soon hear their names.

In London, the bone-setter has two places where he performs his cures. One is Hamilton House, Park Lane, where the rich and titled sufferers consult him, and the other is a modest, unpretentious-looking building, known as St. Paul's House, in one of the small streets of South Kensington. In London it is called "The Animals' Institute," for both human beings and animals are treated there. Those who can pay moderate fees, and those who cannot afford to pay, receive treatment gratis. There goes the hod-carrier in his torn, soiled suit of cheap stuff. He leaves his hod in the street below while he asks the bone-setter to "do up his funny bone a bit." The funny bone is set to rights, and then a group of little crippled children from Whitechapel claims his attention. He takes a two-year-old baby in his arms, gently manipulates the joints and muscles of its little shortened leg, the foot of which has never yet touched the floor with the other one, puts the baby down on the floor, and the child totters about a very little. After several such manipulations the little one walks perfectly, without even a sign of a limp.

Children, the professor says, are very good to operate upon so long as they can be amused with toys or by the tunes of a musical box, which he keeps in a corner of the room for their especial benefit.

To Hamilton House go the rich and the nobility. It was there that the beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland was treated and cured. There went also the Hon. George Lambton, the brother of the Earl of Durham. Mr. Lambton, who is a great English sport, had met with an accident while racing, which resulted in a serious injury to the spine. He had suffered for five years and then went to the great bone-setter. A few weeks afterward he was well, and rode two winners at the races. There was also Prince Henry of Pless. His wrist had been broken and wrongly set, so that his hand was deformed and almost useless. The bone-setter broke the bone over again, reset it, and lo, the hand of the Prince was restored to its former shape and usefulness.



Duke Ernest Gunther, of Schleswig Holstein, brother of the Empress of Germany, was suffering from a strain of the riding muscles, but three days after his visit to Hamilton House he was made perfect and whole. One of the most remarkable of the professor's cures was that of "Peggy" Bettinson, manager of the National Sporting Club, of London. His ankle was twisted and two doctors had decided that the foot must be amputated. Inflammation had set in and they declared that mortification was only a matter of a few days. Professor Atkinson took hold of the ankle, pulled, twisted and manipulated it for an hour or so three or four days in succession, when Peggy Bettinson suddenly jumped up, declared he could walk, and to prove it, walked to his club, four miles distant. Another of the noble patients was Lord Hyde, son of the Earl of Clarendon, who, it was thought, was crippled for life with a displaced hip, but Professor Atkinson's manipulation put things right with the young man.

Probably the most remarkable cure was that of a French lady who went to London to consult the Professor about her foot. She had a case of contracted tendons. Only the toes and the ball of the foot reached the ground, the arch and the heel inclining upward several inches. Daily manipulations were begun; little by little the tendons relaxed, till, within two weeks, the lady's foot was restored to its natural form and functions and she walked, instead of riding, away from Hamilton House.

Professor Atkinson says that his career in life was determined by an accident. When a boy he watched the famous bone setter, Hutton, set the dislocated shoulder of one of his father's gamekeepers, and shortly afterward he was taken to Hutton to have his own fractured elbow set. He was so interested in the operation that then and there he declared his intention of becoming a bone setter himself. He had a great affection for animals and at first went to the Royal Veterinary College. After that he busied himself for some time in studying the diseases of animals and setting their broken bones. He founded the Animals' Institute in London in order to do this.

He is a great opponent of vivisection and has never made use of it in his researches. From the study of animals he went to the study of the human. He says he has obtained most of his original theories from the study of animals. When a dog had a broken leg he set it, but could not make the dog lie in bed till the break was mended. Instead of that, the dog hopped about as best it could, learning gradually to make use of the limb that had been broken. In the same way he does not allow his human patients to take to their beds while he is treating them. After he has manipulated their injured joints and bones they assist him by doing all they can in the way of moving them, and it is by this continual movement that he says he prevents severe cases of inflammation. Asked to explain his treatment of a case of dislocation, he said: "In replacing dislocated arms and shoulders I do not use extreme force or put the arm outward, according to the old method. I lift the arm very gently, make a lever of the muscles and a fulcrum of the arm, gradually getting it into position and with comparatively little pain."

In the matter of bearing whatever pain is necessary in the manipulating process, the bone setter declared that women, slight, delicate and highly strung, were the most courageous of his patients, and bore pain with the least murmuring. Prize fighters, men who have established reputations for courage, daring and an imperviousness to aches and pains, are the persons who have the least fortitude, when under his manipulations. Some of them weep like children, while one well-known pugilist actually fainted away at the door of the Professor's room, before he had so much as touched him.

No matter how great the provocation to do so, neither chloroform nor any other drug is ever used by the great bone setter. He explains that he uses a "natural anaesthetic," that is a numbing of the nerves by a form of manipulation, so that he can operate without much pain.

In appearance the Professor is the typical large, well-developed Englishman. He is forty-three years old, weighs "sixteen stone," which being translated into American, means 224 pounds, and is five feet nine inches in height. He usually wears a Prince Albert coat and a high hat, but, when with his patient he goes through his manipulations in his shirt sleeves.

Among his rich New York patients it is rumored there will be a number of fashionable ladies who have been wearing tight shoes and want their feet restored to their natural shapeliness. He will not only manipulate the enlarged joints of their feet, but will advise them to wear a different shaped and larger sized shoe, so that probably his arrival in this country will be the forerunner of a different style of footgear for the fair members of the Four Hundred.

The Supple Right Hand of the Great English Bone Setter with Which He Cures Aching Joints and Bones.

THE WATCHDOG OF THE GAIETY GIRLS.

Unique Mr. Malone, the Interesting Gentleman Whose Business Is to Put Them Early to Bed, Keep Them Out of Mischief, and Frown Upon the Johnnies.

THESE are hard times for "Mr. Malown."

"Mr. Malown," who, by the way, is "Mr. Malone," according to Yankee pronunciation, is the Cerberus of the Gaiety girls.

It is his duty to frown on frivolities, to sympathize with misery, to fill prescriptions, to laugh away dull care and to discourage the stage door Johnnies.

All these things are wearing, and the worm of care is already ravaging "Mr Malown's" cheek. It is a pretty hard cheek, too, in some ways, but the odds are on the worm.

A day with Mr. Malone is a day full of change and excitement. Incidents come rapidly. Good-natured and urbane in the morning, Mr. Malone goes to bed full of bitterness against mankind, including all forms and varieties of Gaiety Girl and all kinds of adolescent admirers.

"Yes," said Mr. Malone a few mornings ago, "I will give you an interview whenever I have time. You see I am pretty busy just now. Trouble? Of course I have trouble; but it is greatly exaggerated by the papers. They are all good girls and never have any complaints to make that are not just and reasonable. Good morning, Flora, how are you this morning? Worse?

"That's too bad. Too much medicine, eh? Well, take only half a dose next time, Flora. So sorry you are feeling ill.

"As I was saying"——

Just then a district messenger boy handed Mr. Malone a note. It was as follows:

"Dear Mr. Malone: A few of us are getting up a little supper for to-night and would like ever so much to have you come and bring along two or three of the Gaiety ladies.

"No harm, you know. Everything open and above board. We are strictly respectable, and would like to give you and the Gaiety company a good time. Please answer by the bearer and oblige,

"Sincerely,

"——————."

"Now what do you think of that for cheek," said Mr. Malone. Then turning to the messenger he said: "Tell the young man who sent you here that he is a disgrace to the club whose stationery he uses, and that if he will take the trouble to call on me personally I will emphasize my opinion with my foot.'"

Then a small freckled call boy appeared. "Mr. Malone," he began, "Miss Studholme would like a glass of phosphate, and Miss Whalley wants some fruits and Miss Hobson says please get her some headache medicine, and Miss"——

"Stop, for the Lord sake," thundered Mr. Malone; "now say it slowly while I take it down. You see there is a rehearsal going on and the girls can't get away. Fruit, phosphate and headache drops; very well. I'll bring them right in.

"I suppose it's natural for women to feel homesick. I am to take them down to Coney Island to-day. I must really do something, you know, to cure these blues. We'll go on the Iron steamer and expect to be back in time for the performance."

"A gentleman would like to see Miss Studholme," said the doorkeeper.

"Tell him he can see me, but that it will be impossible to see Miss Studholme," replied Mr. Malone. "She is busy," he continued apologetically, "and besides I don't want her to be bothered."

So Mr. Malone flitted from one trouble to another, not exactly like a butterfly, but in a fine frenzy. Two or three young men sent in notes, but they were promptly seized and sequestered by Mr. Malone. Four bouquets of flowers arrived. They were "frisked" and turned over for possible concealed weapons in the way of diamonds or notes.

"It's all foolishness, you know," said Mr. Malone, "this receiving flowers from unknown admirers. None of the girls really care for them and they only regard the senders as harmless apes."

After the rehearsal Mr. Malone tried in vain to keep his charges about hi.

"Oh, Mr. Malone, Norma and I are going shopping. It is such a lovely day."

"Oh, Mr. Malone, I really think that I must sail for home on Wednesday. I'm so homesick I don't know what to do."

"Mr. Malone, I cawn't stand this for another day. Such a dreadful country."

"Here are some flowers for me. Aren't they too lovely. Who sent them, Mr. Malown? Did you destroy the card? How mean of you."

So the Gaiety girls stormed about their Cerberus like a flock of butterflies. The distracted manager finally succeeded in allaying the feminine storm and in attending to each particular want.

On the iron steamer bound for Coney Island Mr. Malone had more trouble. One of the young women had hysterics. Mr. Malone succeeded in soothing her, although for a time it looked as though she would carry out her threat of swimming to Europe.

Three dapper young men attempted to inaugurate a flirtation on the Cissy Fitzgerald plan. Mr. Malone broke up the scheme by a frowning and belligerent attitude.

Homesickness was forgotten when the girls reached the island. In a jiffy they had left Mr. Malone far behind and had stormed a merry-go-round stronghold.

Here Mr. Malone found them riding lions, elephants, camels, and other wild beasts like a lot of schoolgirls.

Peanuts, popcorn, taffy, shooting the chutes, and various other devices for catching the passing penny were tried in the balance and found to be the proper thing.

It was a tired party that sailed back to New York in the early evening, and Mr. Malone was the weariest one in the crowd.

He was discouraged. He had a headache. He wanted to be by himself. He looked at his billowy, bubbling flock with the calm despair with which a man regards a bobtail flush.

At the evening performance he was forced to show the mailed hand in one or two instances at the stage door, where the chappies were as thick as bees around a bunch of clover.

When the play was over Mr. Malone sat in his office a practically wilted man. His collar was a mere limp rag around his massive neck. His hair was rumpled and he looked a wreck.

The girls bustled into the office ready to go home. Mr. Malone revived. A gleam of hope came into his eye. He would go to bed and sleep it off.

The procession filed out of the stage door. The Johnnies fled to the opposite side of the street, from which point of vantage they watched Mr. Malone and his flock walk slowly down Broadway and disappear in the gloom of the Tenderloin.

Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the Gaiety Girls and "Mr. Malown," in the Course of a Single Day of Their Life in New York.